







Long was the rock because it was a hard one

– made of love and Japan, a heavy mortar

where the cigarette has died a butterfly and Gypsy death

many times over

Impressum:

DISTINCT INSIDE Hazell, M.; Jankiewicz, P. for MECCANISMO at OHM, Berlin, 12.9.24

STRATAGEM

the object's genetic weave: (STIRPE999-curated choice; Kat Polar; Erhaan Ahmad & Mariella Castelo; Estera Shein; the textual by Jankiewicz, P.; the choice of Rooms based on a curation by Walkowiak, T.)

> manifesto & MECCANISMO concept indicated by Rossi, F. / Fire At Work

> > lineup: ESTERA + STRATAGEM (selection & A/T performance) Acrartep (live A/V) GOD IS A PERFECT SINE (Fire At Work / Menion live A/V) Odra Ode icanseesounds

*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*		
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*		
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*		
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*		
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*		
¥	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*		
¥	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*		
¥	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*		
¥	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*		
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*		
¥	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*		
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*		
¥	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*		
*	*	*	*	×	*	×	×	×		





the sisters are pronounced

one stretched a hand to pet a dog on behalf of the other

but Devil, the owner changed the seat, then, smiling to face away from them

and both got thinking about him each in her own different sleaze

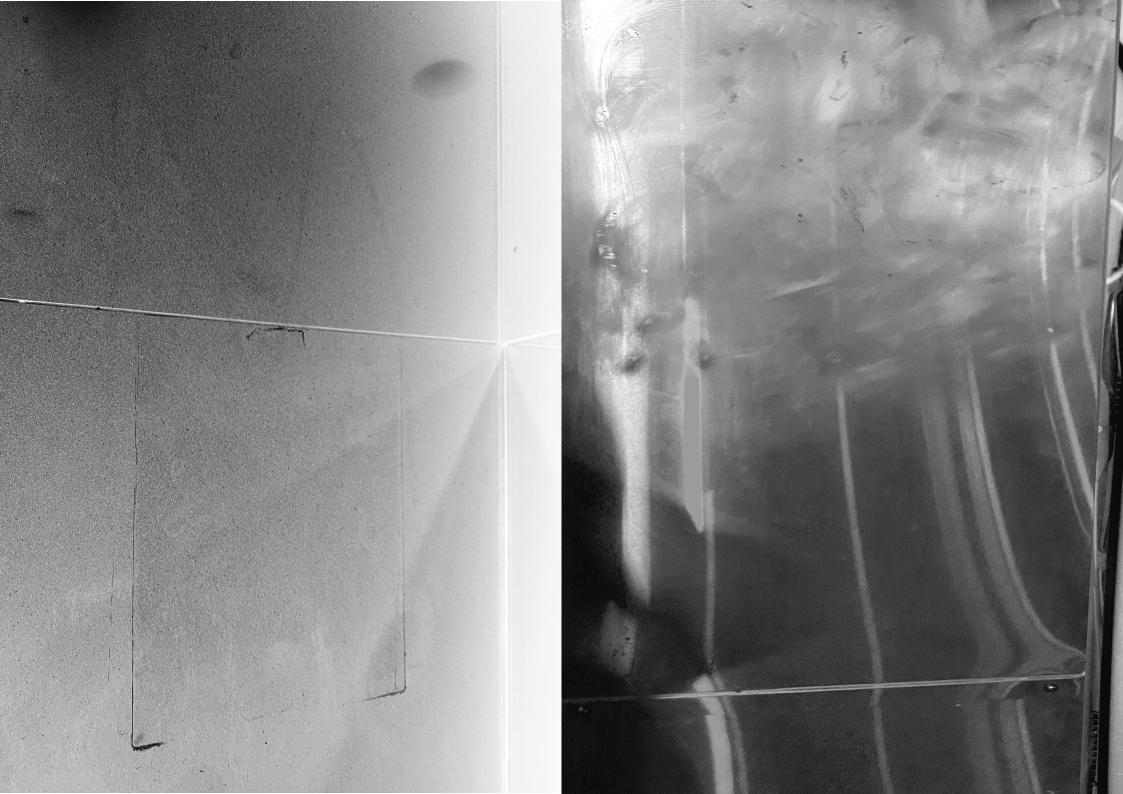
MECCANISMO requires complicity in the production of meaning.

MECCANISMO violates the functionality of artistic languages in relation to the cultural system and calls into question their communicative potential without defining roles and objectives.

MECCANISMO frees the ritual from replication and representation by claiming it as a practice of rupture and resistance.

MECCANISMO produces noise.





"For Cioran, sterility itself becomes a strategy. His method is calculated to defy introduction, his individual works serve to undermine his *oeuvre*. The parts are always more than the whole. But at the same time he infects us with what he insists is man's worst impulse – to append, explain, refute, to *add* to – to take language as seriously as we might take life were we abler."

> from Introduction to "The Fall into Time", by Charles Newman

The words align to form a tensor. They have their own phantasy about the music – one they cannot predict, but which they nonetheless try to sense out. They touch with imperatives, but dream of surprise: Music needs to slide diagonally, across the composition. Or else, it needs to produce the sliding of the whole into a denouement. Neither words, nor music, however, would rather be somewhere else. The slide is there only to let the whole pass through three parts: the intro, the rooms, the incantations of defacement.

INTRO / PART 1

For the time of the event, the whole charge of the words lies in their musicality. Meaning: their musicality holds the poetics we are after (then, also, a certain faciality we would like to surpass). Therein lies the infamous "defacement" of the event's audiosemiotic materiality.

ROOMS / PART 2

The parts are always more than the whole. But they align along the tensor that lasts, in the room, for the time of the performance – only to be projected further with its end, to invest the unconscious.

The fragments stretch themselves across a whole – one that is invisible in each scene, unfolding. But which is the most intimate, the most direct.

(...)

There were a lot of people swimming. Perhaps the ledge was 100 yards long. At one end and also at the other there was a big black creature swimming. One each end. Like a large turtle paddling along below the surface. The people didn't take any notice of these things and the creatures didn't notice the people.

I knew I couldn't go into that water.

Because there is, in fact, something like a reality principle within a fantasy. Even to fantasize what does not exist, you have to be able to talk yourself into a framework in which dreaming about it is still somehow practically possible.

You need to dream yourself into that state.

In which the dreamed spills into the room.

Where it can sweep the bodies, sweep them off their feet, carry them along.

A lot of people.

And teach them to swim.

Unbeknownst to 'em.

Let them drift.

Teach them swimming.

There were a lot of people swimming. Perhaps the ledge was 100 yards long. At one end and also at the other there was a big black creature swimming. One each end. Like a large turtle paddling along below the surface. The people didn't take any notice of these things and the creatures didn't notice the people.

I knew I couldn't go into that water.

And here I was.

PART 2. Object

There is an object in the room. Objective, in the room.

- and you smash it.

You smash the object.

Because there is, in fact, something like a reality principle within a fantasy, within utopias – says Jameson – even to fantasize what does not exist, you have to be able to talk yourself into a framework in which dreaming about it is still somehow practically possible –

You need to dream yourself into that state.

Then,

You must become this huge black thing – stirring in the lake of your saliva. To become the two – the enormous blacknessessessess, that swim, from the opposite sides, in the lake of your saliva.

growing lake of your saliva, the sea

the waves, walking shadows of your fingers

leaving my | mouth

and pressing my dune against yours

locked in the quiet sailing

of your frail thought

when the sun smears the waves, beating

into the voice of the book

the salty strands of the wind



There is, in fact, something like a reality principle within a fantasy, within utopias – says Jameson – even to fantasize what does not exist, you have to be able to talk yourself into a framework in which dreaming about it is still somehow practically possible –

You need to dream yourself into that state

You need to dream yourself into that state

You need to dream yourself into that state - to stammer it, - out.

You need delirium -ssssssssss - to spit it out.

then swallow me

we want to eat each other and that means we love each other.

And this means fear the fear about eating and being eaten

so, the good things must be spoiled if they are not to be destroyed.

Room One

I touch my phone gently - the power button trying not to press too much

and it doesn't switch on, broken but as if responds, for the first time

Room Two

Do. The darkness. Press it, grain. In the lengthy, quiet corridors. Where women dry their hair, noisy beige hairdryers. Wires drone, aglow. Burnt air.

Room Three

I'll let you keep the sky and even all the juice of leaves, but you need to lead it, by the hand to a room without a cause to a rented piece of void, and a two-day-only week — Sunday, Monday. Monday.

Room Four

It's waste, unless it's joy, this waste land,

chalk, rust,

something that you said, something that you motioned with your hand,

and water.

The other person at first is part of the whole, which is given to me like other objects, like the whole world, the "spectacle" of the world. And the other person somehow breaks through this whole, precisely by their appearance as face, which is not simply a plastic form, but it immediately is a commitment for me, an appeal to me, an order, an order for me, to be at the service of this face.

[Levinas]

For the rest, with regard to the heterogeneity of "good" photographs, all we can say is that the object speaks, it induces us, vaguely, to think. And further: even this risks being perceived as dangerous. At the limit, no meaning at all is safer: the editors of Life rejected Kertesz's photographs when he arrived in the United States in 1937 because, they said, his images "spoke too much"; they made us reflect, suggested a meaning— a different meaning from the literal one. Ultimately, Photography is subversive not when it frightens, repels, or even stigmatizes, but when it is pensive, when it thinks.

[R. Barthes, "Camera Lucida]

For the thinking individual, it must consist in positing himself, on the one hand, within the totality in such a way as to be part of it—in defining himself, that is, situating himself in relation to the other parts, and deriving his identity from what distinguishes him from the other parts with which he compromises himself, but at the same time it consists in remaining outside—in not coinciding with his concept—in deriving his identity not from his place in the whole (from his character, his work, his heritage), but from himself—from being me. The individuality of the I is distinct from any given individuality in that its identity is not constituted by what distinguishes it from others, but by its reference to itself. The totality in which a thinking being is situated is not a pure and simple addition of beings, but the addition of beings who do not make up one number with one another.

[Levinas, "The I and the Totality"

Room Five

The other person at first is part of the whole, which is given to me like other objects, like the whole world, the "spectacle" of the world. And the other person somehow breaks through this whole, precisely by their appearance as face, which is not simply a plastic form, but it immediately is a commitment for me, an appeal to me, an order, an order for me, to be at the service of this face.

[Levinas]

For the rest, with regard to the heterogeneity of "good" photographs, all we can say is that the object speaks, it induces us, vaguely, to think. And further: even this risks being perceived as dangerous. At the limit, no meaning at all is safer: the editors of Life rejected Kertesz's photographs when he arrived in the United States in 1937 because, they said, his images "spoke too much"; they made us reflect, suggested a meaning— a different meaning from the literal one. Ultimately, Photography is subversive not when it frightens, repels, or even stigmatizes, but when it is pensive, when it thinks.

[R. Barthes, "Camera Lucida]

For the thinking individual, it must consist in positing himself, on the one hand, within the totality in such a way as to be part of it—in defining himself, that is, situating himself in relation to the other parts, and deriving his identity from what distinguishes him from the other parts with which he compromises himself, but at the same time it consists in remaining outside—in not coinciding with his concept—in deriving his identity not from his place in the whole (from his character, his work, his heritage), but from himself—from being me. The individuality of the I is distinct from any given individuality in that its identity is not constituted by what distinguishes it from others, but by its reference to itself. The totality in which a thinking being is situated is not a pure and simple addition of beings, but the addition of beings who do not make up one number with one another.

[Levinas, "The I and the Totality"]

where's darkness there's a break

where's a break there's a memory

free fall into the principle that folds the void and lets us round the corner

where's a world there's a round-the-corner

in heavy rain sometimes across the street and along the queue to the basement

Room Six

This place, this empty room, where my own being tries to destroy me.

We walk like caged tigers, in circles, keeping an eye on each other.

The icon, hanging on the wall, a sister of mercy with a towel holding her wet hair, tied, her eyes closed —

looking at us. The intricacies of self. Watchful.

Room Seven

Stop and drink. Your friend is here. Both of you are walking on the ocean floor, walking through Berlin.

The city steppe the winter sun.

Open up your mouth.

Room Eight

surging, close feeling cold. the star of fingers

hung between the pylons.

all the songs to come find a string

find the nuclear wind

Room Nine

the clowns are getting violent always tense, sentimental paperback

the monsters of the blurb on the night table, face up (he needs to call, almost dials) getting darker by the lamp fat-fingered humans

Room Ten

A naked woman, in high heels, is standing, bent, with her face submerged in the mirror, hanging on the wall.

